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WAITING FOR THE MASTER

... AND ...

OTHER POEMS.

By MRS. MARY A. VALENTINE.

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WAITING FOR THE MASTER

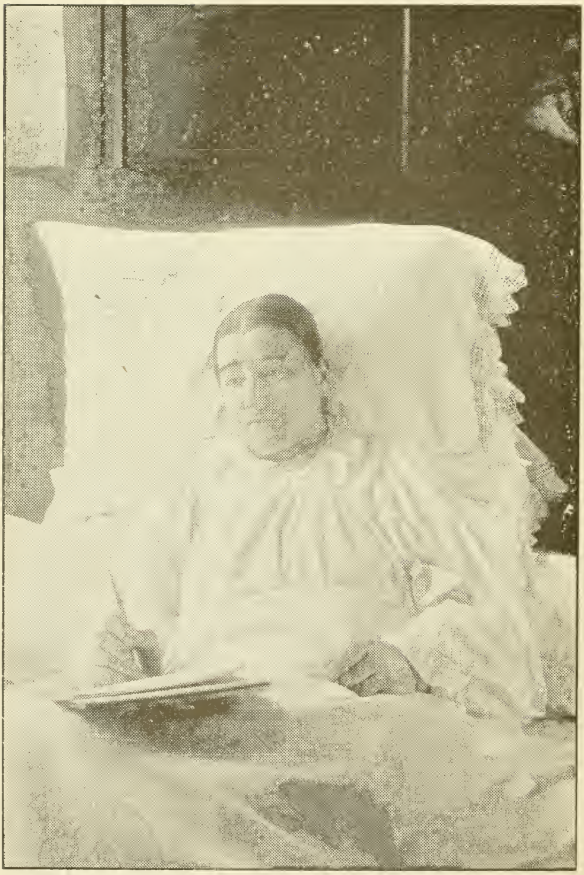
AND

OTHER POEMS,

By MRS. MARY A. VALENTINE.

PRAYING THAT THIS LITTLE BOOKLET
MAY PROVE A BLESSING TO ALL WHO READ IT,
I DEDICATE IT FIRST
TO
MY DEAR SAVIOR;
THEN
TO MY HUSBAND,
REV. G. W. VALENTINE;
AND
MY TWO DAUGHTERS,
MRS. MAY WARFIELD AND MRS. DAISY E. RITTER.

MRS. MARY VALENTINE.



Yours Truly,

Mrs. Mary Valentine.

Personal History of Mary Valentine.

WRITTEN BY HER DAUGHTER.

MRS. MARY A. VALENTINE (*nee* Clark) was born in Fulton County, Ohio, April 24, 1853. She was united in marriage with Rev. G. W. Valentine, May 19, 1875, and they are the parents of two daughters. Mother became a Christian at the age of fifteen years, and has ever been a faithful, earnest worker in the Master's cause. She has suffered greatly for several years, but was able to be about in our home, and among her friends until three years ago last September, when she became so ill that she was confined to her bed, where she has had to remain ever since with the exception of six or eight weeks once, when she was able to sit up for a few moments at a time. She has been an extreme sufferer the greater part of the time, but amidst it all she has been cheerful and patient, and trusting implicitly in her Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Many times to all appearances she has been almost home. At one time she was so near gone that she was unconscious of all earthly surroundings

for several hours, and when she returned to consciousness, and was able to talk, she told us that she had been so near home that she could see across the river of Death on whose banks she was standing. She could see the golden shore and the shining hosts robed in white, and when she reached out her hands in her eagerness to go, they said to her: "Not yet, but by and by." She is still alive and suffering, but is submissive to her Master's will. She has always been an active worker, and even in her affliction she desired to do something for the advancement of her Lord's cause, and kept praying that he would show her what she could do to help in some small way. It was impressed upon her to piece a missionary quilt, which brought about nine dollars for missions.

Later she was impressed to write, and she has written a great deal, part of which she gives to the public in this little booklet, hoping and praying that it may help some who may chance to read it, to give their hearts to God, and it may help to encourage and lift up some whose hearts may be bowed down with sorrow and affliction and discouragement, praying that it may prove a blessing to all who read it. The proceeds from this booklet, aside from the actual expenses, will be used for the advancement of the Lord's cause.

Yours sincerely,

MAY WARFIELD.

Waiting for the Master.

I await the Master's coming,
And a great gladness comes to me,
For in its sweet unfolding,
My Savior's love I see.

Wait, as they that watch for the morning;
Waiting, by day, and by night;
Wait for the glorious day dawning
When faith shall be lost in sight.

I know that at any moment
The Lord of my life may come,
To take me from this cloud-land,
Up to the lights of home.

They say I may have no warning,
That I may not even hear
The rustle of his garments
As he softly draweth near.

Perhaps he may come in the noon-tide
Of some bright and sunny day,
When with loved ones all around me,
My life may ebb away.

Or, when stars are softly shining
O'er the slumbering land and sea;
It may be in that holy stillness
The Master may come for me.

It matters not when he cometh,
At rise, or at set, of sun,
If, with the good and faithful,
He shall say to me "Well done!"

I await the Master's coming,
Wait at his very feet;
After the pain of earth-life,
Rest with him will be sweet.

One Year in Bed.

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF FIRST YEAR OF ILLNESS.

One year in bed, one year of pain;
One year of blest communion gained,
One year of greater inward growth,
Of waiting until he saith, "Enough!"

Dear Lord, my times are in thy hand,
To live or die at thy command;
And only this my prayer shall be,
Eternal life, and rest, with thee.

Why linger here I cannot tell,
But know he doeth all things well;
And I would still submissive be,
For I can trust my all to thee.

And while with me he still abides,
And with his love and spirit guides,
In sweet communion day by day,
Rejoicing as my strength gives 'way.

Assured of this, that when the end
Of my earthly pilgrimage shall come,
I shall at rest with Jesus be,
To praise him there eternally.

For those who love his holy name,
And in their hearts the holy flame
Of love divine, so rich, so sweet,
Are found in him, at last complete.

Then in my heart from day to day
Renew this flame of love, I pray;
Keep me from falling—let me prove
The undying riches of thy love.

Oh! love divine, so rich, so sweet,
Stay thou forever in my heart;
To me thine image, Lord, bequeath,
And never let me from thee depart.

Over the River.

Over the river, by faith I see,
Many loved ones there waiting for me,
There by the river so crystal bright,
In that holy land of peace and light.

Over the river, they're gathering home,
Daily, and hourly, one by one,
Entering that land no more to roam,
And watching still for more to come.

Waiting for me is a father there,
And by his side my mother dear;
Brothers three and a sister fair,
Praising the Savior, so free from care.

Waiting for me, for they loved me true,
Teaching me to serve Jesus my whole life through,
Then he would bring me to dwell at home,
With other dear ones to follow on.

To meet with loved ones! the thought is sweet,
To worship ever at the Father's feet;
But to see the Redeemer face to face—
The love in his eyes lights up the place!

To rest with the Master, oh! bliss complete,
For a taste of his love here is, oh! so sweet
That my poor heart pulsates with thrills of joy,
To live with him in glory without alloy.

Then let us strive from day to day
To serve him ever, and watch and pray;
When life is ended, to hear from the throne,
"Come home, my child! Well done, well done!"

Come, Follow Jesus.

Oh, that all would follow Jesus,
Oh, that all would taste his love;
Oh, that all would love and fear him,
That they might live with him above.

Come, ye sinners, follow Jesus,
He's your dearest, truest friend;
If you'll only love, obey him,
He will be with you to the end.

Oh, how sad to think of missing
All the joys prepared for those
Who will turn from sin and Satan,
Shall safely reach the home above.

He so loves each sin-wrecked mortal
With a love so great, so free,
That he calls to every creature,
"If you will only follow me!"

"I have paid the debt your sins cost,
I the ransom freely gave;
Bore the mocking, spitting, scourging,
Crown of thorns, then died to save."

All the wounds received on Calvary,
Cruel spikes, and spear-pierced side;
All alone, he feels forsaken—
Hear him cry before he dies.

"Why forsake me, oh, my Father!
Why leave me to die alone?
In obedience to thy mandate,
All thy biddings I have done."

Hear the exultant cry triumphant,
"It is finished, all is done;
I have borne the sins of many;
All who will may freely come.

"All may now have life eternal,
For a love so great, unknown,
That each one may feel my pardon,
As if I died for them alone.

"Salvation's cup is freely offered,
There's not one will be denied;
Take my yoke, and follow, follow!
Come, oh, come! be quick, decide!"

Hear him cry to every creature,
"Weary, heavy laden, come;
Come to me, I'll bear your burden;
For every one there now is room.

"I'll go with you all your journey,
Bear you up above the tide,
Till your life work here is ended,
Then safe at home with me abide."

Sing Praises.

Praise the Lord for sins forgiven,
Praise him for a hope of heaven;
Praise him for his word of truth,
And that I learned it in my youth.

Praise the Lord, his grace is mine,
Fills my soul with love divine;
Makes me happy, strong, and free,
As my Lord, by faith, I see.

He is my refuge, and my strength,
My high tower, and my defence;
He the rock in which I hide,
My unfailing friend and guide.

He my prophet, priest and king,
His the strength on which I lean;
His the love, so rich and sweet,
Makes my rest in him complete.

As I'm sitting at his feet,
And his blessing I entreat,
Showers of love on me abide,
Bearing me above the tide.

Makes my sick room one of light,
With his glorious presence bright,
Hovering o'er me, day and night,
Until my soul shall take its flight.

To the realms of endless day
In the unseen far away,
Glory, glory be to him,
Who is my Prophet, Priest and King.

Redeemer, Savior, truest friend,
He'll be with me to the end;
In the sunlight of his love
I shall reach my home above.

There with all the ransomed race
I shall see him face to face;
I shall then his glory share,
And a crown of life shall wear.

Praise the Father, and the Son,
Holy Spirit, three in one;
Praise him, all ye hosts of light,
Praise him for eternal life.

Lines to a Friend.

Dear friend, I pen this line to thee,
Perchance 'twill bring a thought of me,
Tho' parted far by land or sea,
Or I be in eternity.

In the prayer circle oft we've met,
And there communed with God;
And oft have felt his love and power,
And again his chastening rod.

This life is but a dreary maze,
Unless you walk in God's own ways:
Then we receive divinest love,
Rest, comfort, and a home above.

Eternal life at God's right hand,
A home among the white robed band;
The loved and lost ones there to meet,
With glad rejoicings each to greet.

To you, dear friend, I now would say,
Walk ever in the narrow way;
Work earnestly, others to save,
Until you find rest in the grave.

And now, dear friend, a long farewell,
Till with the blood-washed throng we dwell;
Our loving Savior there we'll see,
And praise him there eternally.

The Love of Christ.

Sweet love of Christ, how dear, how kind,
A matchless legacy;
Thou fillest this poor heart of mine
With glorious ecstacy.

Come, fill my heart with heavenly grace,
Let me enraptured stand,
And gaze on thee, oh, love divine,
Engrave it on my mind.

Sun of my soul, my Savior dear,
Thy love, so sweet, so true,
Will go with us, while life lasts here,
And the bliss of eternity prove.

Love, love, so matchless, so divine,
Was never seen or felt,
Till thou, oh, Savior, came to earth,
And in our souls did dwell.

So come, oh, love of Christ, our King,
And bid all sorrow cease;
Come as on flight of angel wing,
Take us home, to dwell in peace.

Decoration Day.

Yes, decorate the soldiers' graves,
They may not know, 'tis true;
They who fought, and bled and died,
For the red, the white, the blue.

Decorate the soldiers' graves,
They loved their country well;
For her they left their homes, and friends,
And suffered, toiled, and fell.

On Southern battle-fields they gave
Their lives for freedom's cause;
For honor, and the nation's rights,
Our heroic, gallant boys.

Then decorate the soldiers' graves,
They were noble, brave and true;
For God, and home, and native land,
They held aloft the blue.

In prison cells they languished, too;
Knew hunger, cold, and pain,
Until, beneath our glorious flag,
They breathed free air again.

Oh, God of Battles, thou who gave
The victory to the right,
Wilt thou look down and save our land
From every evil blight?

Drive out the fearful curse of rum,
That demon of despair,
That's rushing countless souls to hell,
Breaking mothers' hearts with care.

As in the days of slavery past,
Arouse the people now,
To drive this hideous monster out.
That none may to him bow.

Oh, help them, work, and pray, and vote,
As soldiers for the right,
Until all vice of every kind
Is driven from our sight.

Then decorate the soldiers' graves.
Give them all honor due;
They fell to free a million slaves,
Under the red, the white, the blue.

Then decorate them, year by year,
To keep their memory bright;
They saved our country, with their blood,
From slavery's awful blight.

Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving Day has come again,
Another year is past;
We've had the sunshine, and the rain,
Been with abundant harvest blest.

Our hearts with gratitude do glow
To the giver of all good;
For blessings given from day to day,
For home, and clothes, and food.

With loved ones here our hearts to cheer
Along life's weary way;
We praise his name, we have no fear,
This glad Thanksgiving Day.

The Lord has promised to supply
Our each returning need;
Our praises shall ascend on high,
And to his ways give heed.

Thanksgiving Day has come again,
We meet to sing, and pray;
Rejoice and sing, the Lord is King,
This glad Thanksgiving Day.

We thank him now for all we have,
We'll thank him o'er and o'er;
And now, and when life here is past,
We'll love him and adore.

Thanksgiving Day—November 30, 1899.

THE AFFLICTED MOTHER'S WORDS TO THE DEAR ONES AT PARTING.

We praise thee this day, oh, Heavenly Father, that we are all spared to see another Thanksgiving Day; but more for the blessed privilege of calling thee our Father, and feeling that thou dost indeed own us, thine own. We praise thee for home and dear ones, and loving care, and though somewhat disappointed that all the loved ones are not gathered under the parental roof-tree, still we thank thee that all are alive; and, oh, how much sadder it would be if, in the final home-gathering in the great Thanksgiving Day, any of the dear ones should be missing. Oh, grant, dear Father, loving Savior, that in that day all—all may hear, "Welcome home!" to come in to go out no more, forever; no, more, good-by; but praise, and peace, and joy forevermore! Amen.

We praise thee, oh, our Savior King,
For hope of life with thee above;
We'll join to make the arches ring
With thanks and praise to him we love.

Christmas Bells.

Ring, oh, ring, ye Christmas bells,
Ring aloud the news to tell,
Of the Savior's wondrous birth;
Send the news o'er all the earth.

Ring aloud to every clime,
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
'Tis the angels' welcome cry
To the shepherds, from the sky.

Unto all these, tidings bring,
Unto you this day is born,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King,
Sang the angelic hosts this song.

Ring aloud, ye Christmas bells,
Let human voices the music swell,
Till every heart shall own him king,
And every soul shall homage bring.

Ring gladly, cherrily! Ring, oh, ring!
Sing to his praise, ye sons of men;
Sing ye the song of redeeming love,
A song ne'er sung by the hosts above.

Angels ne'er tasted the wondrous bliss
Of sins forgiven; no love like this
Was ever tasted, in earth, or sky,
Like the love that gave our Lord to die.

Then ring, oh, ring, ye Christmas bells!
Ring merrily, cherrily! the news to tell
That Christ was born on Christmas day,
And died to wash our sins away!

Farewell to the Old Year.

Farewell, old year, we hate to have thee go,
But no matter what we will,
Old Father Time will have it so,
And so we say farewell, we love thee still.

Strange, too, since thou hast brought to us such pain
Of body and, at times, unrest of mind;
But then we think of other times again,
When joy supreme was ours—care, pain was left behind.

Joy of dear companionship of loved ones,
And dearer still, the joy of joys divine;
When Jesus came, love did me surround,
And so we prized thee well, old Father Time.

But now a glad new year has come,
Who knows but it will guide me home?
Oh, come, Lord Jesus, set my spirit free,
And let me evermore abide with thee.

Oh, Lord, let many in this glad new year
Learn thee to fear, to serve, and trust, and love,
Keep thy commandments with a holy fear,
Then dwell with thee in thy home above.

Three Years in Bed.

Three years in bed! how long it seems!
Three years of watching, weakness, pain;
Oh, gracious Lord, help me to be
Submissive, meek, yea, more like thee.

Three years makes now the sum complete,
Of watching at the Master's feet,
Until he bid me cease to moan,
And says to me, "My child, come home."

Give me, dear Lord, much grace and strength,
I would not murmur, nor complain;
Each day and hour, till I go hence,
I want to honor thy dear name.

Oh, yes, the days would weary be,
My gracious Savior, without thee;
Thy many blessings to me prove,
Thy ceaseless care and matchless love.

So keep me, Lord, from day to day,
Enclosed within thy loving arms,
Until thou call me hence away,
To look upon thy wondrous charms.

Ready to Go.

Ready to go, to live with God,
Ready to rest beneath the sod;
Ready to walk the streets of gold,
Ready to share that bliss untold.

Ready now to be offered up,
Having here tasted the bitter cup,
I have fought the fight, I have kept the faith,
Ready for the call, be it soon, or late.

Ready a crown of life to wear,
Ready that home of love to share.
Oh, bliss when the Righteous Judge shall say,
"Come, enter in; come home to stay!"

Ready a robe of white to wear,
Ready the victor's palm to bear;
Our eyes shall behold the crystal sea,
The gates of pearl, and life's fair tree.

Rest, weary pilgrim; thy toil is o'er,
A long, long rest on that happy shore.
Thy Saviour's praises forever sing,
And bask in the smile of Christ, our King.

Sweet is the rest his saints shall gain,
Rest from the care, the toil, the pain;
Tears wiped away by God's own hand,
To fall nevermore in that heavenly land.

The blood-washed throng around his throne
Shall shout his praise who sits thereon;
His matchless name in anthems raise,
Their lips all tuned to sing his praise.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Glory to thee, our matchless King,
Glory and praise to thee we bring.

Then ready to go to the glory land,
Ready to dwell with the white-robed band;
Ready to praise thee, my Savior King,
Glory, and praise, and homage bring.

Farewell to Husband and Children

WRITTEN ON SICK-BED.

Grieve not for me, dearest husband,
When the Lord shall call me above;
Pause and think that I am resting
Where you very soon will come.

Pain and toil has been our earth-lot,
Sweetened by our mutual love;
Pain and care will be forgotten
When we reach our home above.

Stay thou near me, dearest husband,
Until I reach the river side;
Hold my hands until my Savior
Comes himself to be my guide.

He will guide me safely over
To a home among the blest,
Where among the loved and lost ones,
We shall have eternal rest.

Help our children, darling husband,
As they strive to reach the goal;
They will need your help and counsel
While they are struggling on life's shoals

Tho' unseen, I shall be near you,
Near to comfort, cheer and bless;
Near to help you bear your burdens
Until you reach the land of rest.

Farewell, husband! Farewell, children!
How I've loved you none can tell.
Love my Savior, always trust him,
Then come home with him to dwell.

You will miss me, husband, children—
Miss me everywhere you go;
Vacant chair and silent footsteps
Tell to you a tale of woe.

But my spirit, freed, immortal,
Enters bliss no tongue can tell.
Come there to me, husband, children;
Dearest ones, farewell! farewell!

The Love of God.

The love of God is so wonderful in its height, and depth, and length, and breadth—so far beyond our *par finite* conception that we can only stand amazed as we try to understand it. Consider the giving up the only begotten of the Father—the jewel of heaven—full of grace and truth, to die the dreadful death on the cross! after such shameful indignities—spitting in that lovely face, crowning that blessed head with thorns, scourging his back with cruel cords! Oh, can it be that I helped do such a terrible deed? Yea, truly my sins helped to nail him to the cross. My iniquities were laid upon him, and by his stripes we are healed. Oh, 'twas truly a wondrous love that gave Jesus to die. And he loves each one of us with just such a love. Love so amazing, so divine, demands my life, my love, my all. And he said, "No man takes my life from me; I lay it down and take it again—a willing sacrifice," because he loves us so. Do we love him? Are we ready to follow him, make sacrifice to serve him, or to help to bring others to Jesus? And he calls to each one, "Come unto me, weary, heavy laden. Come now, for all things are now ready. Take my cross and follow me, and you shall have peace that passes understanding, and a home in heaven." God help each one to come.

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